

THE  
Evening World.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH.

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PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the morning edition.

## A VERDICT AGAINST EVIDENCE.

The verdict of the jury yesterday in the trial of Police Officer HARR for the murder of Capt. HUNTER was a surprise to everybody who has read the evidence in the case. The jury could have based an acquittal on the ground of self-defense. They must have believed that the prisoner was in fear and danger of his life when he shot and killed his victim.

But one fact destroys this theory. It was shown that HARR left the saloon in which he had had words with HUNTER, crossed the street and waited there until the latter came out. He must therefore have had ample time to have escaped from HUNTER had he desired to do so. The verdict was a shameful miscarriage of justice.

It cannot be conceived that HARR, although acquitted, will be allowed to return to duty on the police force. Supt. MURRAY intends to keep him suspended until charges of absence without leave and intoxication have been brought against him. It will be an outrage if the Commissioners do not dismiss him from the force.

## THE NIGHTMARE OF CIVILIZATION.

The protest of the London Anarchists against the vindication of the law in the cases of the Chicago bomb-throwers makes ridiculous a matter that requires serious treatment. The English sympathizers established nothing except their own marvellous ignorance and unlimited capacity for reckless and pointless harangue.

The meeting was notable for the absence of almost everything that can give such a protest any weight. The speakers did not even know what they were protesting against. They obscured and mistated the plainest facts of the Haymarket riot. Their misconceptions of the fundamental principle of our law and Constitution were grotesque in the extreme.

Anarchy is a sort of nightmare of civilization. It has no place in a healthy and vigorous body politic.

## A SHORT CAMPAIGN.

The election takes place on Nov. 8th. The County Democracy's County Convention meets Oct. 19th. There is to be a conference with Tammany, so the ticket is not likely to be completed before Oct. 22d. The Republican County Convention meets Oct. 18th. At most there will only be a little over two weeks' time between the nominations and the election.

This crowding the nominations close on the heels of the election has an object. It is designed to leave as little time as possible for the examination of the character of the candidates, and to head off a people's movement. This year, if the nominations are not acceptable, the trick will not succeed.

## THE GREAT STORY.

The thrilling story of "Nellie Brown's" experience in the City Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island, will be told in tomorrow's WORLD. It will be of absorbing interest and everybody will read it.

The sensation this remarkable story has caused and the good it will probably work are forcibly demonstrated by the fact that the doctors, whose skill failed to detect that NELLIE'S insanity was feigned, and the asylum officials, who dread exposures, retained a once well-known newspaper to offer their defense and excuses before their arraignment.

Their advance pleas have increased the general impatience to read the rest of NELLIE'S interesting story as she will tell it in tomorrow's WORLD.

## A CASTLE GARDEN OUTRAGE.

The Commissioners of Emigration have deprived the landlady of a reputable emigrant boarding-house of her license and driven her runners from Castle Garden. The hotel has been licensed for more than thirty years and no complaint has been made against it.

The offense for which the punishment has been inflicted is that the runner took two Arab immigrants from the Garden to the house and procured them tickets for Omaha by the Old Dominion line, not represented in the railroad pool. These tickets cost the immigrants \$23.75 each. The railroad pool would have charged them \$26 each. The immigrants saved \$4.50 by the transaction. But the railroad pool lost \$62, the price of the two tickets. So the business of the landlady is destroyed in revenge.

This is a case for the courts. The landlady should go to a reputable lawyer who would teach the Satraps of Castle Garden that they are still amenable to the laws.

## A BIG OLIVE LEAF.

England is holding out a very big olive leaf to these United States. The advance guard of a Parliamentary deputation, bearing a memorial for perpetual peace, has just arrived in this city. This memorial, which is to be presented to the President and to Congress, is signed by 281 members of the British Parliament, and urges the desirability of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, under which all disputes arising between the two countries and beyond the reach of ordinary diplomacy shall be submitted to arbitration.

This is certainly one of the most important diplomatic missions ever undertaken. It marks a distinct and encouraging advance in

international polity. It opens a vista of perennial peace. It suggests a reign of common sense. The world is old enough to know better than to squander her treasures, waste her energies and sacrifice her happiness in what she settles nothing but the question of might.

The commissioners of peace should be heartily received and the propositions of the memorial given most intelligent and careful consideration.

It is difficult to keep track of the "Trusts," so many of them are being organized. There are the Standard Oil Trust, the Coal Oil Trust, the Cotton Seed Oil Trust, the Whiskey Trust, the Straw Board Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Oatmeal Trust, the Lead Trust, etc., etc. But the people thoroughly distrust them all.

C. M. of Little Falls, suggests to THE WORLD, a new use for the surplus. He proposes to "connect our post-offices all over the country by wire with this money." Considering the character of Post-Office appointments, this certainly would be an effective method of getting rid of the surplus.

The politicians should be kept out of the schools, except during their minority.

## IN TOWN FOR A DAY.

W. A. Poucher, Collector of the Port of Oswego, is at the Hoffman.

Lient, de Villeneuve, of the French frigate Minerva, is at the Brunswick.

Ex-Judge Geo. S. Batcher, of Saratoga, is quartered at the Brunswick.

Public Printer Benedict stops at the Astor House when in the city. He is there to-day.

W. L. Larned, of Albany, Justice of the Supreme Court, Third Department, is at the Brunswick.

W. S. Silsby, a large manufacturer of steam fire engines at Seneca Falls, this State, is at the Hoffman.

The Hoffman is the home of Mayor Frank A. Magowan, of Trenton, N. J., when in town. He is here to-day.

One of Rochester's most able jurists and lawyers, Judge George F. Danforth, has taken a temporary home at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Col. Jerome N. Bonaparte and family have Newport and are temporarily at the New York Hotel, where they occupy a suite of six rooms.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel seems to be a favorite resort for ex-governors. The last to register there is ex-Governor Pillsbury, of the Pillsbury Flouring Mills, Minneapolis.

The blind designer of the fastest steam-yacht afloat, J. Herreshoff, always surprises the hotel and cheerily with a request for a "nice, bright and cheerful" room. He is at the Murray Hill with Fred Sands, the amateur yachtsman, of Newport.

Bertha von Hillern, who, some years ago, attempted to make pedestrianism popular with the ladies, is here with her feats of endurance on the sidewalk track, but who has since become an artist of the palette and mahallist, is at the Victoria. She registers as of Boston.

Caleb Wright, M. P., one of the delegation representing 281 members of the British Parliament, who arrived yesterday to present the President and Congress a memorial for a new treaty with England, is quartered at the Grand Central. Sir John Swinburne and Halley Stewart, two others of the delegations, make their home at the Hotel Brunswick.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

Contemporaries Continue to Comment Kindly on "The Evening World."

[From the *Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Leader*.]  
The evening edition of the New York World is already a great success. The World has a way of making everything boom.

[From the *Atlantic City (N. J.) News*.]  
The greatest journalistic hit of the season is the New York SYNDICATE WORLD, which started with an edition of 111,000. In the matter of this World is doing a tripper-hammer business.

[From the *Pittsburgh (Pa.) Telegram*.]  
The latest feat of Proprietor Pulitzer of THE WORLD is to charter a theatre and give the newspapers a free show. Over 3,000 happy urchins profited by THE WORLD'S generosity and had a good time.

[From the *Cortland County (N. Y.) Sentinel*.]  
This week another enormous newspaper venture has put in an appearance. The New York World is issuing an evening edition—six pages for one cent. The experimental crisis was passed the first day, for at that time the sales amounted to 111,000 copies.

[From the *Rochester Union*.]  
Three thousand New York newboys attended the People's Theatre Tuesday night, guests of the New York EVENING WORLD. They had the whole house to themselves. They cheered the hero and threw marbles at the villain, and in various other ways showed that they enjoyed the performance greatly.

[From the *Mount Vernon (O.) Banner*.]  
The New York World has commenced the publication of an evening edition, a six-page sheet, with seven columns to the page. It professes to be "independent of all parties, influence and personal interests." Without doubt, it is the freshest, liveliest and most agreeable evening paper ever issued in New York. Of course it will succeed.

[From the *Cortland (N. Y.) Standard*.]  
The New York World, with the enterprise which has been characteristic of it since Mr. Pulitzer became owner, began on Monday to issue an evening edition. The first number was a bright, new and attractive paper of six pages, containing the day's despatches, short, sharp editorializing, miscellany, "congratulations" are in order to "THE WORLD upon the already assured success of its evening nameake."

[From the *Amherst (Mass.) Review*.]  
The WORLD has found another world to conquer. On Monday evening last THE EVENING WORLD made its first appearance, and a most creditable appearance it made and has since maintained. As may be imagined, eager curiosity was rampant and it achieved instantaneous success, which it deserved by reason of its newness and sprightliness. In enterprise it is the compeer of its morning brother, and if anything superior in brightness.

[From the *Boston Post*.]  
The New York World took a characteristic method of celebrating the birth of its evening edition by sending 3,000 newboys to the People's Theatre to see "Harbor Lights." The whole house was reserved for their accommodation, and there were no less enthusiastic spectators present from upon their demonstrations of satisfaction.

How the actors enjoyed the unusually noisy audience is an open question. They certainly could not complain of any lack of attention. Virtue and vice in their mimic shapes were applauded and hissed respectively, and unpopular sentiments received the withering rebuke of "Rats!" from 3,000 lusty throats. When the wicked squire received all the wages of sin every boy in the house rose to his feet and declared that the payment was a just one. The evening was unconventional throughout, and the boys enjoyed it thoroughly.

[From the *Pittsburgh Chronicle*.]  
"Here's very singular thing," remarked Mrs. McWilliams, looking up from her paper.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"The editor of a paper in Shawnee, O., having died, his widow is now running an undertaker's shop from her husband's ghost. What do you think of that?"

"I think the paper must be conducted in a spirited manner."

## BILL NYE AS CONUNDRUM EDITOR.

He Answers a Few Queries Found in His Mail Box Through "The Evening World."

The following are a few answers to queries received at this office. I publish the replies to avoid the trouble and annoyance of writing personal letters to each inquirer, and also to give the general public the benefit of the information with which these replies are replete.

Smart Alecktonist, Tonkers, N. Y.—You can get the speech you refer to in the American Cyclopaedia.

Truth Seeker, Binghamton, N. Y.—Yes, you may do so with impunity. But it would be well to avoid any misunderstandings on the start. Otherwise do not think of such a thing. No, by all means, certainly. A. L. 142. A. No, your neighbor's wife has no right to look over the fence on Monday morning to see what may be up and down, and contents of your clothing, if she has not yet called upon you.

Employee, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your remedy is by replevin, garnishment, and piousness. A. Certainly you have the right to do so during a campaign. It is frequently done, and is not de trop. If you do not smoke, and prefer to chew, and the political contest in your precinct is close, all authorities on etiquette say that you may take a dime worth of chewing tobacco in place of a cigar. A friend of ours in a close ward, in this way obtained nine pounds of choice chewing tobacco in '84, and then broke his leg the day before election, so that he could not cast his vote. He could not even take a plaster cast of it.

Wo Hw, Mott street, N. Y.—No, your proper remedy is to apply to the police and the hospital at once. Thus you will get your wrongs and your injured mud redressed at the same time. A. Yes for your mud, but to re-appear, your mouth so that you can sprinkle clothes with it, but it is really laid open as far back as you suggest, you had better get the laundry laid and go to sprinkling streets. A. You were clearly in the wrong. The police will hardly be required to protect one who is not actually engaged in journalism, but who leaves his washbasin to go out on the street and tell an inoffensive man like Ping Ping that Europe will never succeed so long as she tolerates no socialistic Australianism.

Young Student, Ann Arbor Mich.—I. Hafs was the tom de plum of a Mohammedan poet, whose true name was Shem ud Din Mohammed, and who was born at Sheeraz in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The poems of Hafs consist of ghazals, or short odes of five to fifteen lines ending in the same rhyme. It is said that when Hafs got through with a rhyme, no one else was allowed to use it until it had taken a vacation of two weeks to recover its vital forces. A. No, he did not write for Nasrullah. If he had, it would have been sent to him. A. He belonged to the Suni cult, which is a religion of beauty. He was a kind of Mohammedan Swinburne, and if he could have started a paper in New York, he would have given Anthony Comstock barely time to eat his meals and then hurry right back to the courtroom.

Young Housekeeper, New Brighton.—I. Perhaps you allowed the air to get into them before you put them on. Never allow the night air especially to get into canned pears. All you can do now, of course, is to scrape them off the ceiling as well as you can and try it over again. A. Turn him on his stomach and jounce the daylight out of him. If colic is what ails him, this will relieve him. If not colic, blow nine puffs of tobacco from a strong pipe into his ear. Then do the same by his other ear. If not earache, he will continue to yell. You might then doctor for worms. Pounded glass is good for worms. Sometimes a hot plate laid on the belly below the chest will relieve it. Do not use a plate that you have decorated yourself. It is not right to add to the child's anguish just because he cannot talk. A. There are three shades of this color. They are the heliotrope shade, the shrimp pink shade and the Holland shade. Either one of these would look well when made up with Early Rose funny business down the side and gathers in it. You say you do not like the type of street dress you have, and ask for suggestions as to make-up. Why do you not distribute the original dress and reset it in a larger type?

Bill Nye.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

A Chicago woman offered a Palmer House waiter \$10 for the napkin Mrs. Cleveland used at her hasty breakfast on the morning of the Presidential election.

The head of a four-year-old negro child in Fayetteville, Tenn., measures twenty-nine inches in circumference. It is the biggest head in the county.

A young girl was arrested at a dance in Allegheny City a few nights ago on a charge of having stolen the dress in which she was attired. She was poor, but was determined to look as stylish as any other girl present.

The best farmer in all Nevada is Mrs. Hannah Mock, a widow sixty years of age. She owns eighty acres of land near Buena Vista, and takes a hand in all the work done on the place except the cutting of the hay.

Mr. May, a Chinaman living near Lodi, Cal., took his coat and threw it on the floor. There was a pistol in one of the pockets and it exploded. The ball entered Mr. May's spine and caused a fatal wound.

The special car in which Abraham Lincoln rode from Buffalo to Albany when on his way to Washington for his first inauguration, is still in use on one of the lines of the New York Central Railroad. It is in good condition, and is used as a smoking-car.

Claus Spreckle's great sugar plantation on the Sandwich Islands covers 300 square miles of territory. It is laid out like a small kingdom, and is traversed by narrow-gauge railroads, and is illuminated with electric lights. At night it presents the appearance of fairy land.

A physician says that the expression: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" originated at the hospital in an Eastern medical college of a student who bore the now famous name. Patterson was subjected to a mock execution, and was tied out to the block blindfolded. The executioner buried his ax in the block at quite a distance from the victim's head, but the shock to his nerves was so great that he died on the spot. All the students were arrested, and the question arose, Who struck Patterson?

They are telling a remarkable faith-cure story in Peoria, Ill. A young lady who had been treating her father for gout was summoned home from Chicago, where she had gone for a visit, by the news that her patient was much worse. On entering the house she found him lying on the bed groaning. "Father, I'm ashamed of you," she cried; "get up and dress this instant." A few minutes afterwards the old gentleman walked downstairs into the supper-room as spry and cheerful as ever. His gout hasn't troubled him since.

A Revelation.

[From *Texas Springs*.]  
Mrs. Knickerbocker—Where is your husband to-day, Mr. Van Slyce?

Mrs. Van Slyce—He went up the Hudson to Tarrytown.

Very recently goes up there, doesn't he?"

"Very often. He is a great lover of nature. He goes to Tarrytown to admire the beauty of the place. It is so romantic."

"So I've heard, but do you know that the beauty of the place is a young widow?"

Mrs. Van Slyce faints.

It Ought to Be.

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How to drive yellow fever from Tampa—Don't Tampa with it.

## INSPECTOR STEERS'S SURGERY.

It Saved a Man's Life When He Was a Patrolman, and Lawyer McClelland, Too.

HEN dulness reigns supreme at Police Headquarters, the inspectors amuse themselves by reeling off yarns clipped from the book of their early recollections, some being records of hair-breadth escapes and others having reference to the humors of police life.

A few days ago Inspector Henry V. Steers was in a story-telling mood. Referring to the near approach of the anniversary of his appointment as a policeman thirty years ago, he said that he was educated to become a surgeon, but before he had completed his course of study he wanted to be a policeman like his father. After he had done so, he was appointed, he entered the station-house to report for duty, when he saw a man named Lamb sitting on a chair suffering from a knife-thrust in the abdomen. The wound was very serious, and death was imminent.

Patrolman Steers took in the gravity of the situation at a glance, and throwing off his coat, laid Lamb by the stove, stripped him, and called for hot water and a sponge and bathed the wound until it closed, and then bandaged it. Lamb in the course of half an hour was removed to a hospital, and the surgeon declared that the young patrolman had saved the man's life by his prompt and skillful operation. Lamb is alive to-day and in excellent health.

Time rolled along, and Steers became a Sergeant in the upper precinct. Lawyer McClelland, of Westchester County, was thrown from his wagon one day in a runaway, and in falling struck his head against a broken tire. His scalp was cut nearly around the head, and he lay there for some time, and sent the lawyer home. The family physician was called in, and asked what surgeon he attended him. McClelland said it was not a doctor, but young Steers.

"That is all right," answered that surgeon; "if Sergt. Steers did the job it is as well done as the most experienced surgeon could have executed it. Such men make the very best policemen."

Williams told of the experience of one of his patrolmen with a street-preacher. Armed with a license from the Mayor, the exhorter was holding forth on the steps of a Catholic Church. The patrolman, on Sunday, when the preacher reminded him that he could not block the sidewalk. The preacher insisted upon his rights, and was ordered to close his services under penalty of arrest. The patrolman, concluding by saying: "Thank God there are no policemen in heaven."

The patrolman exclaimed: "Well, there are some policemen here, and you will have to get it."

And he got," said Inspector Williams, with a laugh.

## SQUARE CARDS FOR A CHANGE.

A Deviation from the Cast-Iron Rule in Ladies' Pasteboards.

The fashion in visiting cards for gentlemen this season demands a very small card, and that the prefix "Mr." should invariably be used, except in the case of young men under twenty, and of elderly men, who do not generally regard it as appropriate, having too much the air of a dashing society swell. Such cards as these, however, are used exclusively for visiting, for where it is desired to send a card by mail the "Mr." is not used.

Ladies' cards of an average size, oblong card has been the fashion, but this winter it will be the rule to use nearly square ones. This is done only for the sake of a change, for the square is a more convenient and convenient to carry and handle, but it is positively ugly. It is the rule to have the address placed in the left hand lower corner and the reception day at the lower right hand corner. It is considered a tasteless, however, for a young lady to leave the engraved address off her card, if she has occasion to give her address to a friend.

For the letting of visiting cards plain English script, which must be cut very fine and smooth, is the ruling style. But it is by no means a simple matter to get a card to come up to all the requirements, for the very simplicity and plainness of the style demands the most careful and elegant workmanship to render it attractive.

## THE PROPER THING FOR WEDDINGS.

English Script or Angular Letters the Style in Stationery.

"The only change in wedding invitations this year," said a Fulton street engraver to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD, "is that there will be no attempt at display in the get-up. The styles of lettering will be either English script or the angular letter, which is something comparatively new, and has a right hand corner. The card is considered a tasteless, however, for a young lady to leave the engraved address off her card, if she has occasion to give her address to a friend."

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## BY FORCE OF LOVELINESS.

ANTI-POVERTY COMBINATIONS WELL FITTED TO EMPTY PURSES.

Blue Eyes, Black Eyes and Nut-Brown Eyes, Not to Mention Dimples, all Selling Votes for Dimes—A Pomegranate Mouth in the Field Disposing of Chances—Various Articles which a Visitor May Invest In.

HAD a sort of general idea that the Anti-Poverty fair now going on at Madison Square Garden was being held for the relief of paupers, and as I had held a lone king twin and led a thirteenth four times at hearts the evening before, I bethought me it would be the correct thing to go around and put in my claim.

I went. I had \$10 secreted in an alms depth of my garments, and like, wise mundry fragments of silver frugally hoarded up against a rainy day.

The first relief I obtained was a pair of nut-brown eyes, a cherry-ripe mouth and a dimple.

I was asked by this combination if I would like to vote. As the inquiry was murmured by the cherry-ripe mouth, the dimple worked and the nut-brown eyes gazed into mine with a \$9 gaze, and I said that I would vote—certainly—never had voted, but wouldn't mind taking a light back at it.

"Ten cents, please."

"That?"

"Yes. Perhaps, however, you would like to vote more than once, and—here the dimple sank in and the nut-brown eyes drooped—of course I want to help along the election."

"Certainly, certainly. Your candidate shall be elected if it costs—no matter what it costs: here are 30 cents and—"

And please, sir, may I have a vote, too?"

"This from a pair of blue eyes, two dimples and a red-gold bang."

"Why, of course. How much? Only a dime?"

"Give me six—yes, I'll take six, and—"

"I knew you'd take a chance in my rifle."

"This from a pair of black eyes, a mouth like a pomegranate and braided masses of dark above an ivory brow."

"I don't know. Only half a dollar a chance. Why—er—give me two—three—three is a lucky number, and as I was just saying to—"

Here I observed that dimples had vanished and blue eyes were nowhere to be seen.

"I have only \$5 in change. You had better take four chances," murmured the pomegranate mouth, and of course I took four, and then she melted away. Another vision floated my way and I conferred upon me a chance in a wedding cake for the low price of 25 cents; another compelled me by force of her loveliness to try and swallow a tall cooling ring, and it cost me a \$1.50 to ascertain that two jacks were contributing to the evening's fun, and a third beguiled me into risking \$2 more in the hopes of naming the most popular New York politician.

By this time I was reckless. I took chances in everything and anything. If my numbers are lucky I stand to win a christening robe, a corset, a coral looking ring, a pair of yellow slippers with green dew worked into them, a family Bible, and a cotton umbrella—all handy to have in the house.

Like a white unicorn I went into the art gallery and saw more real art in five minutes than any gallery in the city could show in a year. One sketch—"Fishes, Done in Oil"—was so nearly like a fish that the eye could not detect the difference.

Emerging from the art gallery I cast a few more votes, purchased a rosebud for half a dollar, paid 25 cents for a pin and saw the work of my fingers at my lapel. Then I got still more reckless and would have purchased all the chances in all the raffish, engaged the engaged, the entire fair and mortgaged myself to pay for voted if a man who had known me in better days had not seen my mental condition and drawn me gently outside, where I could cool off and reflect.

For the Fair is a great success, if it intends making paupers. Given a man with anything like a heart